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[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, Have you ever had the feeling that...](#)



Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,

**Have you ever had the feeling that you were on the brink?**

# *Of what?*

That's just it.

**You don't know...**

But...

**You can feel it.**

It stinks.

**Like death.**

Hot air breathing down your neck.

It's at the tip of your tongue.

You can almost put your finger on it.

It's more familiar than familiarity.

But the words won't impregnate your mind.

Nor will any images.

**It's like someone's name that you just learned...**

**That you just forgot 20 seconds ago.**

You can feel it escaping you.

It's slipping out of your grasp.

It's gone.

Oh right.

## **What if we're on the actual brink?**

Of war.

Not just any war...

The Big war.

### **World War Three?**

Even one year ago, I would have said it's unthinkable.

But so many unthinkable things are happening right now, all at once.

Red flags left and right.

I know better than to ignore red flags.

It gives me the heebie-jeebies.

Goosebumps.

The hair on the back of my neck stand up.

Sends a shiver down my spine.

### **My Spidey Sense is tingling.**

This looks familiar.

I've seen this before.

It's a memory so devastating.

It's like it survived from a previous life.

About something so profound...

**You refused to forget even after death.**

Something's coming...

And I can feel it.

We train ourselves out of listening to our instincts.

But I've learned a funny thing about instincts.

There are random thoughts.

There are hunches.

There are instincts.

There is a progression at each level.

**Each level becomes more electrically charged.**

Like an overcast sky...

Black as night.

You can sense the electricity in the air.

*Your inner ear wobbles, like the moment before turbulence hits.*

*The pressure drop before a storm.*

*The ground feels uneven, but nothing has moved.*

*The air goes thick.*

The eerie knowing...

*The world will soon turn upside down.*

*The pressure in your skull knows it before you do.*

Thunder rumbles like canon fire.

After that, the fear of God follows...

I've learned to trust my instincts.

Why?

Because...

Sometimes I distrust myself...

Only to find out later that my instincts were spot on.

Sometimes, I'm more right than I can even fathom.

My therapist has been a significant aid in trusting my instincts.

In the session, he didn't just say I had good judgment...

He made his case and convinced me with logic.

He pointed out all of the brilliant choices I made.

I had never noticed.

He pointed out that my ex-wife...

Someone knowledgeable...

Made many dumb decisions.

In other words...

If she's the boss...

We'll more likely suffer through bad choices that I'd never make myself.

But...

The Chauffeur valued her judgement more than my own.

It was an excellent formula for being stuck.

Because every time she told me I was wrong...

I believed her...

Even when SHE was wrong...

Talk about living in the Upside Down.

Looking back...

I marvel at some of my predictions that would turn out to be spot on.

I'm always so proud when I serendipitously discover how brilliant I've always been, even when I was much younger.

It gave me an impregnable confidence.

I became a copywriter because I wanted to work remotely in 2010.

I swear I'm the first person ever to work remotely.

I'm the pioneer who started a worldwide trend.

I predicted how my father's life would play out very accurately.

On top of that...

I also made several money-related predictions that could have made me rich if I had had the self-confidence to pursue them.

What the fuck is up with this wall of persistent self doubt?

Why is it pressing up against me?

Knocking the wind out of me?

Why does it burden me?

This is more than just a passing fit.

Much more...

You can't even fathom how much more.

Why — when time would prove that I have impeccable judgement...

Would I consistently minimize a natural strength?

Why are doubt, skepticism, and cynicism my first, second, and third conclusion?

My judgment IS impeccable.

I have an incredibly discerning eye.

I can see straight through people; they don't even realize it.

I can figure most people out.

And...

I say all of this because...

My gut's telling me something ain't right.

I feel like we're nearing midnight, and when the clock strikes twelve...

The shit's going to hit the fan and all hell is going to break loose.

The fact that the word "normal" died in 2023 is not helping.

We are living in surreal times.

The news doesn't even make sense anymore.



Everything's unprecedented.

Sacred norms are being thrown out the window.

Convicted criminals roam free and run the free world.

They're impulsive.

Antagonistic.

Unpredictable.

And they have a sinister plan.

Whether it works or not, time will tell.

But either way...

America is giving me death rattle vibes.

End of the Empire.

Total isolationist.

The world order that I've known my whole life is rapidly shifting.

Alliances that have been sacred since World War 2 are vanishing left and right.

We have a leader who is above the law.

Who is entirely unethical.

And entirely disloyal.

Fun fact: For some reason, the most disloyal people always demand your undying devotion and spit in your face the minute you go against them.

We gave the world's most unpredictable man access to nukes and a pretext for impunity.

He got shot on the campaign trail...

And now that said his hail mary's By some miracle...

He avoided prison.

He collects felonies like they're party favors.

The highest court in the land has made him untouchable.

Above the law.

He has nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Am I just being a doomer again?

There I go doubting myself again.

I didn't say I was perfect.

What's happening?

Are we about to watch Rome burn?

Am I just being paranoid?

I'm not going to lie. After living with Covid paranoia for two-plus years...

I thought I'd done it and seen it all.

I thought I knew what a crisis looked like.

I was SURE of it.

And yet...

Little did I know.

Here I am...

Feeling like we're about to stumble into something far worse.

I've lived through seven presidencies...

And this is the only one that has filled me with so much dread.

Maybe it's the fact that Russia is only one incursion away from sparking the mother of all wars.

One missile into Poland.

One murdered American.

Brit...

Frenchman...

German...

Anyone.

Will anyone stop the madness?

Please?

And we have a fascist dictator with a God complex, no empathy, and nothing to lose steering the ship.

Great.

The people calling me crazy will swear they saw it coming in hindsight.

Take a deep breath.

Here's what we do:

Everything comes and goes.

Dark times come and go.

We need to survive.

And we do that by being prepared.

Let's prepare together.

Become a paid member today to get....

- ☞ Unfiltered insights on the chaos unfolding in real time—before it becomes hindsight.
- ☞ Raw, unapologetic truth about power, persuasion, and the global game.
- ☞ Deep-dive breakdowns of the political, social, and economic shifts that no one else is connecting.
- ☞ Exclusive access to my private archives—thoughts I don't share publicly.
- ☞ The clarity to trust your instincts—because by the time the masses wake up, it'll already be too late.

Don't sleepwalk through this moment.

This might be the only thing that keeps you sane.

[Join now before the price goes up.](#) [\$8/month]

Until next time,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature reads "Anton Volney" in a cursive script. The "A" is large and loops around the "nton". The "Volney" is written with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right. The signature is positioned diagonally across the lower half of the page.

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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